THE RIGHT SORT OF A GIRL.

Just fair enough to be pretty, Just gentleenough to be sweet: Just saucy enough to be witty, Just dainty enough to be neat.

Just tall enough to be graceful. Just slight enough for a fay; Just dressy enough to be tasteful Just merry enough to be gay.

Just tears enough to be tender, Just sighs enough to be sad, Just soft enough to remember Your heart tho' the cadence may glad. Just meek enough for submission,

Just bold enough to be brave; Just pride enough for ambition, Just thoughtful enough to be grave.

A tongue that can talk without harming, Just mischief enough to tease; Manners pleasant enough to be charming That put you at once at your ease.

Generous enough and kind-hearted, Pure as the angels above; Oh, from her may I never be parted, For such is the maiden I love.

BOTH IN ERROR.

"Your fare, please?" The daintily-attired lady addressed glanced up in surprise to the familiar face, whose brown eyes had a mirthful

gleam as they met her own. "Mr. Carroll!"

"Conductor of Number Four, and very much at your service. Miss Hamilton," said the young man, doffing his cap with a bow that would have graced a drawing room.

"You are surely jesting?"

There was something in this that roused the warm and hasty temper of

"It isn't likely to be much of a jest to me. What a pity it is that I should be reduced by the misfortune of a friend to such a necessity as this!"

"That depends on how you look at it," said the lady icily, "you know my father's position-'

"Certainly," interrupted the young man; "and now that you know mine, our little romance, which was very pleasant while it lasted, will have to end, I suppose?'

"Very well; let it be so." The car, which had only a few in it when this conversation commenced, was now nearly full, and Arthur Carroll turned away to attend to the

duties of his office. But as he passed around to collect his fare, his eyes rested more than once on the partly averted face, which looked strangely pale in the dim twilight. A feeling of yearning tenderness swept over him, and passing by the place she sat, he said hurriedly:

"Ida-Miss Hamilton, I fear I have spoken too harshly; if you will suffer me to explain—'

"There is nothing to explain," said Ida, rising to her feet. "I think I understand you fully. Please stop the car; I get out here.

Arthur mechanically gave the signal. The silken robe swept past him with a faint rustle, leaving upon the air the perfume of the rose upon her breast. With a dazed, bewildered feeling, the

young man watched the erect and graceful figure, which never youchsafed him a glance, until it disappeared.
"Can it be possible for me to be so
deceived in her?" he thought. "I would

have staked my life on Ida's love for me, and that it was for mealone. But what am I to think now? Before the another day I As Arthur stood upon the steps of

Mr. Hamilton's stately mansion he saw that there was no light from any part of it except the library.
"I fear Ida is not at home," he

thought. But she was, so the servant said who

answered the bell. He gave the man his name and errand, who returned almost immediately, saving: "Miss Hamilton is busy and begs to

be excused." "It is better so," muttered the young man, as he descended into the street, he scarcely knew how. "Had I seen her I might have been fool enough to let her know how baseless her appre-

hensions were. Passing swiftly along Arthur turned into a by-street, where the houses were few and scattered, and, pausing in front of a wooden building, he went

Ascending the stairs, he found himself in a plain neatly furnished room, where a young man sat, about his own age, his arm in a sling and a plaster on one of his temples. "How do you find yourself to-night,

"So nearly recovered that I shall resume my duties to-morrow." responded John Ainslie with a smile; "which, I think, you will be glad to learn.

"Well, I don't know. I'm glad to have you up again, but I've enjoyed the excitement and novelty on the whole, especially the astonishment among such of my acquaintances as I chanced to meet. It has certainly given me a revelation in one direction. which, however unexpected and painful, will prevent my making a lifelong mistake. I don't want you to do so until you are strong enough, but if you think you are able to go back, I believe I will leave town for a few weeks."

Arthur put his resolution into effect early the following morning, telling no one of his design or destination. In fact, he scarcely knew or cared whither he went, his sole motive in going at all being to escape from the wounded and bitter feeling at his heart, and which at times seemed more than he could

He had been gone about two months when he received a letter from John Ainslie, on the envelope of which were various postmarks, obtained in following his erratic movements.

It was as follows: "FRIEND ARTHUR-I have been thinking a good deal lately about what you told me in regard to Miss Hamilton and wondering if you knew of her father's failure, and which occurred, as I have learned since, the day I was hurt and you so kindly took my place. It seems that Mr. Hamilton lost everything; even his house was attached and all his heautiful furniture sold by anc.

tion. His daughter Ida, I'm told supports them both by teaching, her father being a a good deal broken in body and mind since misfortune. She teaches in a school a few miles out, but was in town yesterday, and getting on my car in leaving the boat I chanced to see her. She was dressed very plainly, and so altered that I should not have known her but for her beautiful hair and eyes. It seems to be the general im-pression that you broke your engagement on account of her father's loss of fortune, and knowing how far from the truth that is; and believing that you were entirely igno-rant of the fact at the time you left town, I thought I would write and tell you of it. Your friend truly,

JOHN AINSLIE." Arthur was not long in reaching town after reading this. He went directly to his rooms, finding on his desk a small package and a letter.

"The letter came the day you left," said the landlady, "and the package a few days after; but as you left no directions about sending anything I kept them for you."

The package contained some letters and a ring, whose costly diamond sparkled like a dew-drop as it fell upon the desk.

How well he remembered placing it apon the small white hand, and all the glowing hope that made his heart beat

so high! By the date of the letter Arthursaw that it was written the morning after his attempt to see the writer. It ran as follows:

"Mr. Carroll. —Owing to an unfortunate blunder, the servant did not give me the right name when you called last evening. "I have been thinking that perhaps I was too hasty in the conclusions I drew from what you said at the last interview, and which occurred at a time when I was feel-

circumstances, and so more prone to take "I infer that you have also met with rverses, but if you think any change in your outward surroundings could make any change in me you do me a great wrong. "If there is anything to explain I shall be glad to see or hear from you. Failing to do so, I will return the letters and the ring

you gave me, glad to know, ere it was too late, how worthless was the love you pro-fessed to feel for IDA HAMILTON."

The writer of the above letter sat alone in the rustic school house to which she had been confined many weary months, with but brief seasons for rest and relaxation.

There had been a dull, throbbing pain in her temples all day, making the shuffle of little feet on the bare floor the murmur of childish voices almost unendurable.

But they had vanished now, and she sat alone in the gathering twilight, alone with her troubled thoughts and mournful recollections. Never had life seemed so wearisome to her, so void of all joy and brightness.

The hardest thing to bear was the consciousness that, in spite of his unworthiness, her thoughts would turn with regretful tenderness to him who had obtained too strong a hold on her heart and life to be easily dislodged. "I would never have forsaken him

thus," she murmured through her fastfalling tears: "When misfortune came, I would

have clung all the more closely to him.' Hearing a step upon the threshold, Ida raised her head and the object of her thoughts stood before her. "Nay, do not turn away from me," he cried, as the bewildered girl shrank from that eagerly extended hand. "I

have only just received the letter you wrote to me so many weeks ago. Nor did I know until recently of your father's failure and the consequent charge in your circumstances." "It was all occasioned by my own

stupid blunder," said Arthur, after the mutual explanations that followed, after the two were sitting together in

loving and happy converse.
"Oh, no," smiled Ida: "I cannot let you take the blame. We were both in

LONGFELLOW'S SONGS.

The Inspiring Source of Some of the Poet's Best-Known Verses.

I was once invited by Mr. Longfellow, says Hezekiah Butterworth in Good Cheer, to spend an evening at his home in Cambridge. He wished to interest me in the writings of a young author to whom he thought I might prove helpful. My influence could be but small in the matter, but I was glad to about fifty years ago. For many genhave him consider it worth offering me an interview, and during the evening I asked him about the origin of some of his poems that had been set to ner of a thrifty plant which slowly in-

music. His reply was substantially as fol-

"My 'Psalm of life' was written at Cambridge one summer morning in 1838. I regarded it as an expression of personal feeling, and did not publish it for a long time.

"I was once riding in London," he said, "when a laborer approached the carriage and asked me if I were the author of the 'Psalm of Life.' I replied that I was. He asked me if I rould shake hands with him. No compliment ever pleased me more than the grasp of that man's hand.'

The "Footsteps of Angels" has reference to a domestic affliction. Mr. Longfellow's first wife, a lady of great lovil-ness of character, died at Rotterdam

—The being beauteous
That unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

"Excelsior" was written on a late utumn evening in 1841. The poet had just been reading a letter from Charles Sumner.

"The Bridge" was written at a period of dejection, and has reference to the old bridge over the Charles river that connected Boston and Cambridge. The old Brighton furnace is gone, and a new bridge has taken the place of the old, but the clocks strike "the hour" as then, and the water scenery is now much the same as it was then.

Day and night the incessant procession of travelers goes over the bridge, their faces now bright with the sunrise, now vanishing into the midnight darkness. It is delightful to linger there on summer evenings and recall the poet's experience and his immortal

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO. Louisville: "The favorite pastime

The People of the United States at the Close of the Revolutionary War-Striking Contrasts With the Present

The second volume of John Bach McMaster's "History of the people of the United States from the Revolu- called on, as the phrase was, to sign tion to the Civil War," is even more interesting than the first volume. No nish the music, and the managers such vivid presentation of the life of would choose the dances. The first would choose the dances. our ancestors at the beginning of this was generally a minuet, and, till his century has ever before been made or even attempted.

Heis never weary of contrasting the past and the present of American life, and many are the striking comparisons is enabled to make in the progress of his work. Here is an example which is particularly interesting: "On the resignation of Samuel Osgood in 1791 the office of postmaster-general was bestowed on Timothy Pickering. So insignificant was the place and so light the duties that officer was to perform that Washington did not think him worthy of a cabinet seat. Yet there is now no other department of government in which the people take so lively an interest as in that over which the postmaster-general presides. The number of men that care whether the Indians get their blankets and their rations on the frontier, whether one company or two are stationed at Fort Dodge, whether there is a fleet of gunboats in the Mediterranean sea is extremely small. But the sun never sets without millions upon millions of our citizens intrusting to the mails letters and postal-cards, money-orders ing wounded and humiliated by my altered and packages, in the safe and speedy delivery of which they are deeply con-The growth of the postoffice in the last ninety years is indeed amazing. In 1792 there were 264 postes in the country, now there are 49,000. The yearly revenue which they yielded then was \$25,000; now it is far above \$45,000,000. More time was then consumed in carrying letters ninety miles than now suffices to carry them 1,000. The postage required to send a letter from New York to Savannah was precisely eighteen times as much as will now send one far beyond the Rocky mountains, into regions of which our ancestors had never heard. This passage is a very good example of Mr. McMaster's style. It will be seen at a glance that all the information might have been given with one-half the number of words. We can also see how the contrast has been heightened by rhetorical devices, but the passage attracts our attention, it interests us, we read it, and we proba-bly remember it, when if put in a more condensed and statistical form it

would leave no impression.

Mr. McMaster has a good deal to say at different times about the difficulties of travel and communication in the early years of the republic. This made negotiations with foreign governments peculiarly difficult. At the time the British treaty of 1794 was under discussion Monroe was minister at Paris. The proposed treaty was naturally most distasteful to the French government and Monroe was informed that "the moment the treaty was approved, that moment the directory considered the alliance with America at an end. The next day he dispatched the news to the secretary of state. The letter was still upon the sea when Washington proclaimed the treaty the supreme law of the land, and sent a copy to the house." Travel at home was done by the stage-coach. This "was little better than a huge covered box mounted on springs. decency, and health, the statement It had neither glass windows nor doors nor steps nor closed sides. The root was upheld by eight posts which rose | doctor, so fashion won." The theaters from the body of the vehicle, and the body was commonly breast-high." In | read of an occasion when the performthis uncomfortable conveyence a man might travel some four or five miles an hour. With the exception of some parts of New England, the wayside accommodation which the trayeler found was miserably bad. Strangers were put together in the same room and the same bed. The bed clothes were changed not for new arrivals but at stated times. All sorts of extortions were practiced upon travelers. The genealogist who studies the history of American families has frequent occasion to note the compactness of those families up to erations the members of a family, very few exceptions, will be found to have lived and died in about the same place, spreading somewhat in the mancreases its area rather than that of an animal which roamed freely about. Many of these families which are the most widely scattered lived, previous to the introduction of the railroad, together in the same portion of the same state. We have given us many facts of interest concerning the early history of the steamboat. Fulton's Hudson river success was by no means the first occasion upon which American waters were navigated by steam-propelled vessels. The idea had been working in the minds of a few men for a number of years. As early as 1787 a rude plan of a steamboat had been presented to the constitutional convention. 1789 a boat was constructed which traveled a mile in seven minutes and a half. A few months later a steam-

boat began to run regularly as a ferry in Philadelphia. Agriculture, at the beginning of the century, was a simple matter. "Agriculture as we now know it can scarcely be said to have existed. The plow was little used. The hoe was the implement of husbandry. Made at the plantation smithy, the blade was illformed and clumsy; the handle was a sapling with the bark left on." In Virnia horses were driven over the grain in the open field to thresh it, and it was ground with a rude pestle and mortar. "For a hundred years the farms, of precisely the same size, had been kept in the same families and cultivated with the same kind of implements in the same way. Year after year the same crops were raised in the same succession. When a patch of land became exhausted it was suffered

On the subject of amusements Mr. McMaster has much matter of in-terest. Here is a picture of gay life at in a back than hear about the devil

was billiards, and every morning numbers of young women, escorted by the young men, gathered about the one billiard ta' le in the town. 'If a stranger of note put up at the only tavern, and gave out that he was come to stay some time, he was sure to be for a ball. When the night came the garrison at Fort Jefferson would furnumber was called, no man knew with whom he was to dance. This over, each was at liberty to choose his own partner for the first 'volunteer.' Harper's for August. With New York people the battery was a favorite place of resort for amuse-

assembly-room was at Oeller's tavern and made one of the sights of the town. The length was the town. sixty feet. The walls were papered in the French frshion and adorned with Pantheon figures, festoons and pilasters, and groups of antique drawings. Across one end was a fine music gallery. The rules of the assembly were framed and hung upon the wall. The managers had entire control. Without their leave no lady could quit her place in the dance nor dance out of her set, nor could she complain if they placed strangers or brides at the head of the dance. The ladies were to rank in sets and draw for places as they entered the room. Those who led might call the dances alternately. When each set had danced a country dance a cotillion might be had if eight ladies wished it. Gentlemen could not come into the room in boots, colored stockings, or undress.

One of Mr. McMaster's long chap-

ters is devoted exclusively to the suo-

ject of the ordinary life of town and

ment. There were other places of pop-

ular outdoor resort in hot weather

without the city. New York seems to have been as uncomfortable in the

summer time as it is now. In Phila-delphia the assembly and the theater

provided for amusement lovers. "The

country, and is a rich storehouse of information concerning this very essential part of history. The matter of dress is treated in highly interesting fashion. "Dress became every season more and more hideous, more and more uncomfortable, more and more devoid of good sense and good taste. Use and beauty ceased to be combined. The pantaloons of a beau went up to his arm-pits; to get into them was a morning's work, and when in to sit down was impossible. His hat was too small to contain his handkerchief, and was not expected to stay on his head. His hair was brushed from the crown of his head toward his forehead, and looked, as a satirist of that day truly said, as if he had been fighting an old fashioned hurricane backward. About his neck was a spotted linen necker-chief; the skirts of his green coat were cut away to a mathematical point behind; his favorite drink was brandy, and his favorite talk of the last French play. * * * Even these ab-surdities were not enough, and when 1880 began fashion was more extravagant still. Then a bean was defined as anything put into a pair of pantaloons with a binding sewed around the top and called a vest. The skirts of the coat should be pared away to the width of a hat-band, and if he was doomed to pass his time in the house he would require a heavy pair of round-toed jack-boots, with a tassel before and behind. * * Women were thought worse than the men. To determine the style of their dress, fashion. was, ran a race. Decency lost her sought to provide for all tastes. We ance consisted of the "Beaux Strat agem," the "Federal Bow-Wow." comic opera called the "Poor Soldier." a hornpipe, slack-rope tumbling, and the pantomime of the "Death of Capt. Cook," all in one evening. "In the theaters at the north it often happened that the moment a well-dressed man entered the pit he at once became a mark for the wit and insolence of the men in the gallery. They would begin by calling on him to doff his hat in mark of inferiority, for the cus-tom of wearing hats in the theater was universal. If he obeyed he was loudly hissed and troubled no more. If he refused abuse oaths, and indecent remarks were poured out upon him. He was spit at, pelted with pears, apples, sticks, stones, empty bottles till he left the house. As the blades in the gallery were poor marksmen the neighbors of the man aimed at were the chief sufferers. On one occasion the orchestra was put to flight and some instra-ments broken." In New England the puritan sabbath still had a stronghold, although it was rapidly undergoing modification. "Pious men complained that the war had been a great demoralizer. Instead of awakening the community to a lively sense of the goodness of God the license of war made men weary of religious restraint. The treaty of peace had not been signed, the enemy was still in the land, when delegates to the general court of Massachusetts boldly said the sabbath was too long. Country members demanded a sabbath of thirty-six hours; town members would give but eighteen, and had their way. The effect was soon apparent. Levity, profaneness, idle amusements, and sabbath-breaking increased in the towns with fearful rapidity. What, the sober-minded cried out, is to become of this nation? Be-fore the war nobody swore, nobody used cards. Now every lad is pro ficient in swearing and knows much of cards. Then apprentices and young folks kept the sabbath, and, till after sundown, never left their homes but to go to meeting. Now they go out on the sabbath more than any other day in the week. Now the barber-shops are open, and men of fashion must needs be shaved on the Lord's day They ride on horseback; they take their pleasures in chaises and hacks.

How much better, they say, is this

than sitting for two hours in a church hearing about hell? Who would not rather ride with a fine young woman

from Adams's fall? Equally interest-ing passages might be multiplied in-definitely from these pages, but enough have already been given to show how different is the conception of Mr. Mc-Master's work from that of ordinary histories and to convince our hearers that the book is well worth reading from first to last. Beginning about where the work of Bancroft leaves off, it carries on the narrative of our fortunes well into the national period, and has the fascination of a romance.

Railway Stations in England.

From "English and American Railways," in In the management of stations the

about on a par, but their minor and country station are incomparably better managed than ours. The bar and refreshment counter is a prominent feature of every station of note and has been wrought to a degree of importance that is wholly unknown under similar conditions in America. It is a great convenience to travelers, and conduces to much drinking, and to eating that is of a character quite as favorable to dyspepsia as anything known in America. The country stations look for the

most part like comfortable homes of favored and stalwart station-masters. There is generally some space about them that can be used as a garden, and this, however small, is frequently kept gay with flowers. Two of the great companies offer rewards for the best-kept stations and signal-boxes, and on these lines flowery stations are naturally most common, but on the other lines you may often see attempts to get rid of the inherent hideousness that clings to a railway. The usual garden is a narrow strip between the platform for passengers and the in-closing railing. It is enacted by Parliament that no post, rail or other obstacle shall come nearer than six feet from the edge of the platform, and this makes it necessary to inclose quite a wide space. Between the six feet of platform and the fence is the station-master's garden. The flowers that he grows differ according to the soil of the district. In a rich clay be will have standard rosetrees as the principal feature; in a warm, light soil his strong point may be the chrysanthemums tied back against the palings. But as his object is to have plenty of color all the year round, you will generally find that the main part of the border is filled with fresh plants in each season, such as the gardener uses for his spring and summer beds. In the spring there are double daises, red and white, that blossom from February till June, blue forgen-me-nots (Myosotis dtssitiflora) that keeps gay almost as long, pan-sies, wall-flowers and the yellow alyssum and white iberis-hardy cruciferous plants that grow in big clumps against the edging of tile or ornamental stone, breaking the stiffness of the line, and bringing a mass of flowers in early spring. In May or early June, when all danger of frost is over, he will plant geraniums, calceolarias lobelias and such like tender perennials, and his sweet peas, convol-vuli, nemophila, and other annuals will come into blossom. But the gavest time of all is in late summer and early autumn, for then his garden is full of dahlias, nasturtiums trained up the fence, China asters, marigolds (French and African), phloxes, and all the gaudy flowers that come into blossom after the kindly influence of a few warm months. These and many other plants are to be found in most of the gardens; but as all gardening that is done lovingly shows individuality, you will notice as you travel that each station has some particular flower by which you can remember it—the roses at Halton Junction, the dahlias at Milcote. There has been nothing more welcome in American railroad management than the imitation of our English brethren in their treatment of their stations, and nothing is regarded with a more lively or sympathetic interest than the horticultural ambitions and struggles of the station-masters on some of our leading lines.

Snake Story. "I'll tell you a sight I saw in Hindoostan," said a truthful traveler. "It sounds wild, but it's as true as that I exist. The railroad from Bombay to Calcutta is only second in length to that crossing the American continent, and stretches in a line across a level plain 2,200 miles long. The train hands are all Englishmen. One day I was riding on the engine when far ahead there seemed something on the track like low, brown, undulating waves. The engineer looked through his field glass and said it was snakes. This was their migrating and breeding season, when they were peculiarly vicious. He had seen them twice in fifteen years out there. They were the cobra de capella, a poisonous reptile that opens its mouth 2 1-2 inches when excited. They are four or five feet long when full grown. Down their side is a folded fin that projects half an inch when they are angry. We were running 25 miles an hour, and raised the speed to 40 and dashed into the mass. They were crawling four or five feet deep on each other, and covered the track for half a mile. Ugh! It sickens me yet when I recall their crunching under the wheels. We ran over them in patches for an hour. The wheels got so covered with grease and blood they slid along the rails, and we just had to stop in a clear place and wait for those ahead to pass. They clogged the wheels, and pretty began crawling up the train. We had to shut ourselves into the engine room and wait for them to crawl off. Not a brakeman or passenger dared stir. And there we waited four hours. When I say there must have been a million it is with no idea how many there were."

An English mastiff, the largest dog of the kind ever exhibited, sold not long ago for the sum of \$1,500.

Miscellaneous Matters.

In order to prevent their books from being stopped at the Russian frontier. or even wholly confiscated, German authors are now obliged to submit all their proof sheets to the red pencil of the arbitrary Russian censor

Nathaniel Ropes, one of Cincinnati's pioneer merchants and manufacturers, who was a native of Salem, in this State, died a few days ago in his nine-ty-second year. He went to Ohio in 1819 and settled on a farm, besides conducting business for Boston capitalists. One of his sons is living at the old homestead in Salem.

Trow's Directory of New York City English and American termini are for the present year contains the names and addresses of 310,746 persons-and increase of 10,717 overlast year. The gain of population is esti-mated at not less than 50,000 per annum, and the population of the city is not far either way from 1,500,000.

Men about to be hanged almost invariably eat a hearty breakfast on the last morning, and those who use tobacco always top off with a final cigar. A Philadelphia reporter, whose experience embraces 21 executions, has observed that the doomed men are always careful about their attire, and specially anxious about being well

The son of a naturalized citizen who came to this country with his father before he was of age becomes a citizen with all the privileges of a naturalized citizen when he reaches the age of 21 years, and without any legal process or form. His father's citizenship confers the privilege upon the son under these circumstances when he becomes

Alluding to the late Chicago newspaper, "Enterprise," the Philadelphia Bulletin says that "it is true that American journalism is developing the most dangerous kind of 'enterprise;' that its calling is being degraded; and that the papers thrive as common carriers for vicious gossip. But the patrons of such stuff are primarily to blame. While so many of our reformers are busy pursuing the press, it is high time that some one should try a hand at purifying the public.'

Another scandal, and a very ugly one it is, is the latest Washington society sensation. A very showy marriage; a much talked of belle, niece of Gen. Sherman, who gave the bride away, has applied for a divorce from her husband, agay young man. The man of the world files counter charges—if the tenth either alleges is true, society has plenty to go on in the way of gossip. Maiden name, Mary Francis Hoyt. Man of the world, James R. Raymond.

The great bridge across the Frith of Forth, Scotland, has now been in course of construction for two years and a half, and the most difficult part of the undertaking has been accomplished, that of building the piers. These are of granite, and extend as much as 48 feet below the bed of the river and 90 feet below high water. They will be carried up 160 feet higher before the bridge is completed. All but one of these are either completed or are making good progress. The bridge when completed (five years hence, according to the estimate.) will be over a mile and a half long (8,091 feet), and its two main spans will be 1,710 feet each. The height of the rails above high water will be 150 feet. The estimated cost of the bridge is 600. Two thousand men are employed in its construction.

How Cadets Keep Their Trousers Clean.

In its account of the exhibition evo-

utions of the West Point embryo offi-

cers, the New York Times says: It is

a constant source of wonder to civilians here how the cadets manage to keep their starched leg-gear so spotlessly clean. A cadet comes out to guard mount, runs around the barracks for an hour or two, sits on dusty benches, and then walks into the recitationroom with his white trousers as free from dirt and creases as though they had just come from the ironing-board. "Why," said one lady recently, as she saw the cadets marching to dinner, "my boy wouldn't be fit to be seen after he had worn such trousers five minutes." As it is a punishable offense to wear dirty trousers, the cadets are somewhat careful, and each one changes four or five times a day if necessary. Three pairs a day is considered economical. Every cadet has anywhere from thirty to fifty pairs of white trousers, and he is allowed fourteen pairs in each week's wash. The cadet adjutant, who is called upon at times to make a little more display of himself than his comrades in the ranks, is permitted to send eighteen pairs to the washerwoman every week, and he doesn't have to worry about the wash-bill either. There is a curious etiquette among the cadets as to the disposal of their white trousers when they leave the academy. If a young man is at all popular, some of his comrades bequeath him their trousers as a token of respect and remembrance. The shortest cadet in the graduating class has an accumulation of one hundred and twenty pairs which have come to him in this way, and he has to hang them all up in his room. As the trousers seldom wear out, except at the bottom of the legs, they are sent to the commissary's department to be treated after a fashion customary in families where growing boys overbalance a limited income. The littlest fellow in the corps at pgesent is Jose Victor Zavala, from Guatemala, who is very popular for his patience and his peculiarities. As a mark of their regard, the entire first class are talking of giving him their white trousers next week. Should they really do so, the little South American will have to find pegs for nearly one thousand pairs of trousers.